within my doores, Marry hang you, ſhee's borne to vndo vs, wil you not go the way of women-kinde? Marry come vp my diſh of chaſtity, with roſemary and bayſe. *Exit.*

Boult. Come miſtris, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou haue me?

Boult. To take from you the iewell you hold ſo deere.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing firſt.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canſt thou wiſh thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wiſh him to be my Maſter, or rather my Miſtris.

Mar. Neither of theſe are ſo bad as thou art, ſince they do better thee in their command; thou holdſt a place, for which the painedſt fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cuſherell that comes enquiring for his Tib; to the cholericke fiſting of euery rogue, thy eare is liable, thy food is ſuch as hath beene belcht on by infected lungs.

Bou. What would you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you, where a man may ſerue 7. yeares for the loſſe of a leg, and haue not mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doſt, empty olde receptacles, or common-ſhores of filth; ſerue by Indenture to the common hangman, any of theſe waies are yet better then this: for what thou profeſſeſt, a Baboone could hee ſpeake, would owne a name too deare: Oh, that the Gods would ſafely deliuer me from this place: heere, heere's gold for thee, if that thy Maſter would gaine by me, proclaime that I can ſing, weaue, ſowe, and dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep from boaſt, and will vndertake all theſe to teach. I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeeld many ſchollers.

Boult. But can you teach all this you ſpeake of?

Mar. Proue that I cannot, take me home againe, and proſtitute me to the baſeſt groome that doth frequent your houſe.

Boult. Well, I will ſee what I can do for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongſt honeſt women.

Boult.

Boult. Faith my acquaintaince lyes little amo
ſince my maſter and miſtris hath bought you, th
but by their conſent: therefore I will make the
with your purpoſe, and I doubt not but I ſhall fi
table enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what I ca
waies. *Exe*

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothell ſcapes, and chances
Into an honeſt houſe, our ſtory ſaies;
She ſings like one immortall, and ſhe dances
As Goddeſſe-like to her admired laies:
Deepe Clearks ſhe dumbs, and with her needle co
Natures owne ſhape, of bud, bird, branch or berry
That euen her art, ſiſters the naturall Roſes,
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That puples lackes ſhe none of noble race,
Who poure their bounty on her, and her gaine
She giues the curſed Baud. Leaue we her place,
And to her Father turne our thoughts againe,
Where we left him at ſea, tumbled and toſt,
And driuen before the winde, he is arriude
Here where his daughter dwels, and on this Coaſt
Suppoſe him now at Anchor: the Citty ſtriude
God *Neptune* annuall feaſt to keepe, from whence
Lyſimachus our *Tyrian* ſhip eſpies,
His banners ſable, trimd with rich expence,
And to him in his Barge with feruour hyes.
In your ſuppoſing, once more put your ſight
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke,
Where what is done in action (more if might
Shall be diſcouered, pleaſe you ſit and harke.

Enter Hellicanus, to him two Saylers.

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord *Hellicanus*? he can re
O here he is ſir, there is a Barge put off from *Met*
is *Lyſimachus* the Gouernor, who craues to come a
is your will?